I had foreſtald this deere and deep rebuke,
Ere you with griefe had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far: there is your crowne:
And he that weares the crowne immortally,
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
VVhich my moſt inward true and duteous ſpirit,
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending,
God witneſſe with me. When I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your maieſty,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart: if I do faine,
O let me in my preſent wildneſſe die,
And neuer liue to ſhew th'incredulous world,
The noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almoſt, my liege, to thinke you were,
I ſpake vnto this crowne as hauing ſence,
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold, art worſe then gold,
Other leſſe fine, in karrat more precious,
Preſeruing life in medcine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honourd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eate thy bearer vp: thus my moſt royall liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To trie with it as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrell of a true inheritour,
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtraine of pride,
If any rebel or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Giue entertainement to the might of it,
Let God for euer keep it from my head,

And make me as the pooreſt vaſſaile is,
That doth with aw and terror kneele to it.
King God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightſt win the more thy fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it:
Come hither Harry, ſit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke) the very lateſt counſaile
That euer I ſhal breathe. God knowes (my ſonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
I met this crowne, and I my ſelfe know well,
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For al the ſoyle of the atchieuement goes,
With me into the earth, it ſeemd in me,
But as an honor ſnatcht with boiſtrous hand,
And I had many liuing to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: all theſe bold feares
Thou ſeeſt with perill I haue anſwerd:
For all my raigne hath beene but as a Scene,
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchaſt,
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer ſort.
So thou the'garland wearſt ſucceſſiuely,
Yet though thou ſtandſt more ſure then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince griefes are greene,
And all thy friends which thou muſt make thy friends,
Haue but their ſtings and teeth newly tane out:
By whoſe fell working I was firſt aduaunſt,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a feare
To be againe diſplacde: which to auoyde,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe, now
To leade out manie to the Holy Land,
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtil, might make them looke,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 2228a) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.12) Octavo